A Sad Scene In Court.

"Please, sir, to let mamma go home with us. If you send her away there'll be no one to take care of little Alice; and then she's so good to all of us. We won't let her go away again and—and get drunk, and she won't want to, we love her so. Please to let her go."

"But doesn't your mother spend her money for drink which ought to buy you bread and butter?"

"Only once in a while, sir; there never was a better mamma than ours, and we'll take such good care of her and be so good that she won't want any more whisky, 'cause it's that, sir, which makes her bad once in a while."

"What have you to say, madam? You have been let off so many times on good promises that I am losing faith in you."

"Your honor, I know I don't deserve any mercy at your hands, but for the sake of these darling children let me try once more to be the good mother they think I am. God only knows why I can't help drinking, and why I should degrade myself by getting drunk and then abusing these innocent little children. I thought this would be the last time and that they would be so much better off without me that I said I would drown myself, and I was angry when a policeman pulled me out of the lake and saved my miserable life. I don't do anything to feed and clothe them; why do they love and pity me so? I only spend their hard-earned money for drink. How much better for them if I could be dead! I have a helpless little babe at home who was almost starved, I know, and yet none of them ever complained. My God, what a thing I am! You don't know how I despise myself. Is there any hope for me, do you think, sir? I wish I could deserve their kindness and love and your mercy. If you can let me go again my broken promises shall be renewed, and I'll swear by the help of my Maker to keep them in the future."

"Let the fine be $100; but I will suspend it and try her again."

A scene in the North Side Police Court is only half reproduced in the above-narrated colloquy between Justice Kaufmann and two officers—one a woman forty-five years of age, but with an apparent experience of the saddest kind stamped on her features, and the other a child not yet nine years old. There were other parties present who did little but smother the sobs which choked off any attempt to speak. There were other children of the dissipated mother—a daughter twenty-one years of age, very neatly but plainly dressed, and with an intelligent and cultivated countenance; a son two years younger, and another boy about seven. This last child and the little girl who pleaded for her mother were standing on either side of the woman and clinging to her dress and hands. The woman was Mrs. Mary ——, and she was before Justice Kaufmann for being drunk and disorderly. The children testified to her well known to cover a multitude of sins and misdemeanors, and in this case appealed more to an attempt to commit suicide than anything else. On the day previous an officer had seen her wandering along the lake shore and kept so close a watch on her movements that he was enabled to be at hand and pull her from the lake soon after she had plunged headforemost beneath the waves from one of the piers.—*Chicago Times.*

Through Japan.

Our men sped on with their ceaseless chant, steering carefully among the ruts in the sandy track, and when a plunge was made, looking round with a merry smile. We crossed wooden bridges, and passed Shinto shrines with the priest's house beside them like a manse; we climbed low hills, where the mosses and ferns were as vivid as at home; we ran by the bank of a rapid river, then disappeared among narrow paths through the weedless fields, wound in and out among the walls and houses of a village as if we were expected to visit every family in turn, without warning, emerged on a country road as wide as one of our own. There were few birds and few flowers, and of the latter little more than some patches of chrysanthemums, the purple bell of the egg-plant, and cucumbers that stood six feet high, and were sometimes broad in proportion. We met peripatetics packed with vegetables on their way to market, and met and passed two men shoulder-pole hammocks, each with sixteen fowls, alternately white, eight on each end; another rose from a well with seven small kegs of water; if one basket was full, a baby, an umbrella or a hat was slung into the other. Messengers met us, a parcel-post swift as Mercury, and no better clothed; and porters bent under their loads; and farmers with long hats pressed forward on business to the nearest town; bands of pilgrims clothed in white, long staff in hand, and covering head, rosaries and scallop shell, with usually one that had a bell about his neck to keep the rest from straying, would stop as we went by. Every one was good humored, and every one said "Good morning" ("Ohaio"), and the boys from school courteously low as they did this pretty piece of manners. Only the yellow robed priests, with shaven crowns and sly small eyes, looked at us askance, as if some evil speech was in their heads. And the way it seemed to be if every one was bent on doing the opposite of what we do at home. The cows had bells on their tails instead of their necks; the horses are clothed in winter, the men naked; the bullocks wear straw shoes, carry an extra pair, and leave the worn ones untidily about the streets; the horse stands in his stable with his head from the stall, and when he is brought out the ride mounts him from the right; when acquaintances meet each other kindly shakes his own hand; people write down the page, and they kneel at dinner; the sailor sews from him the carpenter planes to him; the teeth of the saw and the thread of the screw run in the opposite direction to ours, and their locks turn to the left; the blacksmith pulls the bellows with his foot; the cooper holds the tub with his toes; house contractors begin to build from the roof; gardens are watered from a little pail with a wooden spoon; it is not the nightingale, but the crow, and that is their bird of love; the lamb is an emblem of stupidity; suicide is a pleasure which has to be prevented by royal decree; and it is a compliment to be called a goose.—*Good Words.*

Eyesight.

The late Dr. W. H. Hall, in an article about taking care of the eyes, said:

Milton's blindness was the result of overwork and dyspepsia.

One of the most eminent American divines (the late Albert Barnes) having for some time been compelled to forego the pleasure of reading, spent thousands of dollars in value, and lost years of time in consequence of getting up several hours before day and studying by artificial light. His eyes never got well.

Multitudes of men and women have made their eyes weak for life by the too free use of the eyesight, reading small print and fine sewing. In view of these things, it is well to observe the following rules in the use of the eyes:

Avoid all sudden change between light and darkness.

Never begin to read or write or sew for several minutes after coming from darkness to a bright light.

Never read by twilight or moonlight, or of a cloudy day.

Never sit or sew directly in front of the light, either day or night.

It is best to place the light fall from above, or nearly over the left shoulder.

Never read by light that for the first waking the eyes to open on the light of a window.

Do not use the eyesight by light so scant that it requires an effort to discriminate.

Too much light creates a glare, and pains and confuses the sight. The moment either begins to be an effort to distinguish, let immediate cease, and take a walk or ride, or do something else.

As the sky is blue and the earth green, it would seem that the ceiling should be a blue tint, and the carpet green, and the walls of some mellow tint.

The moment you are prompted to rub the eyes, that moment cease using them.

Missing the Governor.

The Governor of California was making one of his official visits to the Napa Insane Asylum, and while passing through one of the female wards was introduced to the superintendent as "Governor Irish." One of the patients, a fat old lady, immediately took him by the arm with the salutation: "How are you, governor? let's take a walk." His excellency humored her for a while, and then tried to leave her. "Not a bit of it," said she, "you don't go until you have kissed me!" And rather sooner than the governor was compelled to purchase his liberty at that price.

The Desert and Its Illusions.

As long as you are journeying in the interior of the desert, says Alexander Kinglake, you have no particular point to make for as your resting-place. The endless sands yield nothing but small stunted shrubs—even these fail after the first two or three days, and from that time you pass over broad plains—you pass over newly-reared hills—you pass through valleys that the storm of the last week has dug, and the hills and the valleys are sand, sand, sand, still sand, and only sand, and sand, and sand again. The earth is so samely, that your eyes turn toward heaven—toward heaven, I mean, in the sense of sky. You look to the sun, for he is your taskmaster, and by him you know the measure of the work that you have done, and the measure of the work that remains for you to do; he comes when you strike your tent in the early morning, and then, for the first hour of the day, as you move forward on your camel, he stands at your near side, and makes you know that the whole day's toil is before you; then for awhile, and a long while, you see him no more, for you are veiled and shrouded, and dare not look upon the greatness of his glory, but you know where he strides overhead by the touch of his flaming sword. No words are spoken, but your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, your skin glows, your shoulders ache, and for sights you see the pattern and the web of the silk that veils your eyes, and the glare of the outer light. Time labors on—your skin glows and your shoulders ache, your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, and you see the same pattern in the silk and the same glare of light beyond; but conquering time marches on, and by-and-bye the descending sun has compassed the heaven, and now softly touches your right arm, and throws your lank shadow over the sand, right along on the way for Persia; then again you look upon his face, for his power is all veiled in his beauty, and the redness of flames has become the redness of roses; the fair, wavy cloud that fled in the morning now comes to his sight once more—comes blushing, yet still comes on—comes burning with blushes, yet hastens, and clings to his side.

About this part of my journey I saw the likeness of a fresh-water lake. I saw, as it seemed, a broad sheet of calm water that stretched far and fair toward the south—stretching deep into winding creeks, and hemmed in by jutting promontories, and shelving smooth off toward the shallow side; on its bosom the reflected fire of the sun lay playing and seeming to float upon the waters deep and still. Though I knew of the cheat, it was not till the spongy foot of my camel had almost trodden in the seeming waters that I could undeceive my eyes, for the shore-line was quite true and natural. I soon saw the cause of the phantasm. A sheet of water heavily impregnated with salts had filled this great hollow, and when dried up by evaporation had left a white saline deposit, just had exactly marked the space which the waters had covered, and thus sketched a true shore line. The minute crystals of the salt sparkled in the sun, and so looked like the face of a lake that is calm and smooth. On the fifth day of my journey the air above lay dead, and all the whole earth that I could reach with my utmost sight and keenest listening was still and lifeless as some dispeopled and forgotten world, that rolls round and round in the heavens through wasted floods of light. The sun, growing fiercer and fiercer, shone down more mightily now than ever on me he shone before; and as I dropped my head under his fire, and closed my eyes against the glare that surrounded me, I slowly fell asleep, for how many minutes or moments I cannot tell; but after awhile I was gently awakened by a peal of church bells—my native bells—the innocent bells of Marlen, that never before sent forth their music beyond the Blaygon hills! My first idea, naturally, was that I still remained fast under the power of a dream. I roused myself, and drew aside the silk that covered my eyes, and I saw my base face into the light. Then at least I was well enough wakened, but still those old Marlen bells rung on—not ringing joy, but properly, prosily, steadily, merrily ringing "for church." After awhile the sound died away slowly; it happened that neither I nor any of my party had a watch by which to measure the exact time of its lasting, but it seemed to be that about ten minutes had passed before the bells ceased. I attribute the effect to the great heat of the sun, the perfect dryness of the clear air through which I moved, and the deep stillness of all around me. It seemed to me that these causes, by occasioning a great tension, and consequent susceptibility of the hearing organs, had rendered them liable to tingle under the passing touch of some mere memory, that must have swept across my brain in a moment of sleep. Since my return to England, it has been told me that the sounds have been heard at sea, and that the sailor, lecalmed under a vertical sun in the midst of the wide ocean, has listened in trembling wonder to the chime of his own village bells.

Booty in a Flower Bed.

A theft of $20,000 from the mint in San Francisco has been traced, and the plunder has been discovered in a curious manner. A colored watchman named Smith was suspected, and his house was examined without the discovery of anything. The officers then armed themselves with spades and began to investigate the soil of the yard. They first discovered in several places unmistakable traces of smelting work. This cheered them on, and they continued turning over all the soil until in a corner of the yard near the fence they struck iron, and their spades turned up a battered and rusty iron furnace, hammered flat and rusted away. Examining it and the fragments of fire-brick which were buried around it, they found in the glassy crust which had gathered on them while in use fragments of gold. The pieces, which were globular in form, varied in size from a pea to a pinhead. Carrying this to the city prison, they confronted Smith with it. He betrayed no surprise, but professed ignorance of it, saying that it had probably been thrown over the fence and covered with soil by a natural process.

Nothing daunted, the industrious shovelers went back and attacked a flower-bed, which they before had neglected. There, about two feet under the surface, an earthen pot stopped the progress of the spade. Dragging it out they found it to be of large size and covered at the top with melted wax. Knocking this away, a saucer revealed itself, and removing this there were revealed seven solid crucible-shaped cones of yellow gold, representing $6,000 in value. This also they carried to Smith, and his confession followed immediately. He said that soon after his appointment as night watchman, on the 6th of June, 1875, he began to seek a means of increasing his salary. In roaming through the rooms wherein the separating tanks are kept he found the means by which he was enabled—stealing small quantities at a time—to take $20,000 in three years. The bullion is placed in the tanks and treated with acid and water to remove the silver. The gold falls to the bottom in the shape of a fine black precipitate, and the silver solution is washed away. To wash the precipitate a hole is left in the cover of each tank for the insertion of the hose, and although the tanks are locked every night the hole, by mere removal of the hose, is left open. Constructing a lock spoon by bending a thin strip of zinc at the end, he picked up a few spoonfuls (worth, perhaps, $20 each) every night, and carried it home in his pocket the next morning. He proceeded to buy a furnace and crucibles and began smelting operations, turning the black powder into yellow gold by melting it and selling the lump to various bullion dealers of the city.

Lukens' "Pith and Point."

"A man's a man for awl that," sings the contented shoemaker.

The woman who kissed and never tolled wasn't the wife of a bell-ringer.

"Boy wanted," is a placard in a Broadway store window. The proprietor will be lucky to find that boy when he is wanted.

Scandal-mongers as a rule suffer severely from hoarseness. They cannot speak above a whisper.

A man with a long memory should not have a short temper. He is too apt to brood over every little spat.

"How poor they are that have not patience," quoth Iago, but he didn't mean the medical fraternity.

"Blue Flannel Suits." Of course it does—for making up many articles of wearing apparel.

He who would trifle with a female's affections wouldn't stand on such a trifle as cleaning out the amply-stored tobacco box of his best friend.

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

The King of May.

He wasn very pretty,
He wasn't very wise,
And he stood, when asked a question,
In paralyzed surprise.
A freckled lad, a speckled lad
Who *would* turn in his toes,
And—though not absolutely bad—
Had such a funny nose!
He hadn't any manners,
He didn't know his books,
And I must own, his principles
Did not belie his looks.
He was clumsy at work, and awkward at play;
And every hair grew a different way—
Then why did they make him King of May?

Yes, blithely, in a circle,
They whirled around their king;
And there he stood, half crying
Half pleased to hear them sing,
Till in his heart, a mighty part
Was given him to do;
Emotion thrilled his little breast
And gave him fervor new:
"I'll do it! that I will!" he thought.
"It isn't much. I know I ought!—"
"Oh, do! Oh, do! Oh, do!" sang they,
"And we will crown you King of May!"

"I'll do it! Yes, I'll do it!"
His heart sang back, again,
Until a ray of loveliness
Came to his face so plain.
His eyelids quivered; he almost shivered,
His young form stood erect—
When manly thoughts stir boyish souls
What else can you expect?
And still they sang their roundelay,
The circling girls so sweet and gay,
About their king, their King of May!

Hark! The king is speaking:
The eager girls press near.
He says aloud: "I'll do it!"
In ringing voice, so clear.
And from his pocket, as from a socket,
Slowly he drew forth—
He looked to east, he looked to west,
He looked to south and north—
The skies their blest assurance gave,
'Twas noble to be kind and brave.
He drew it forth; he gave it over,
As though he were each maiden's lover,
As though it were his life.
The thing they'd begged for hours and hours
To cut the May-pole vines and flowers—
That little rascal's knife!

Ah, see them! see them! well-a-day!
How gleefully they skip away,
Leaving alone their King of May,
His brief reign ended. Well-a-day!

—*St. Nicholas.*

The Caterpillars—A Fable.

"See, my son," said a farmer one morning, "the caterpillars have begun to build a nest upon a branch of our favorite apple tree."

"I'll put a stop to their work to-morrow," said the boy.

A week went by.

"My son," said the farmer again, "I notice that our friends, the caterpillars, have built an extension to their house."

"I'll burn them down this very after noon," was the boy's reply.

Another week went by, and the farmer called his son and showed him how the caterpillars had not only repaired the enclosure but even begun work on another bough.

"There'll be no fruit on that branch this year, my son," said the farmer calmly; "your industrious little friends have eaten every leaf."

And observing that his son's face was red with shame, the father thus continued:

"I shall not regret the loss of the beautiful apples, my son, if you will only henceforth bear in mind the lesson you have learned. Each day has its duties, and it is always a dangerous thing to put off attending to even the smallest of them until the next.—*American Rural Home.*

Lobsters as Playthings.

Not long ago, in Sweden, two girls used to watch for an old boatman who, in the season, would bring up the fiord or creek a whole boatload of lobsters at a time. Then the girls would beg their nurse Johanna to let them play with the queer things. Generally leave would be given, and the sisters would fetch indoors with great glee as many of the lobsters as they wanted, and stand them up all around their play-room, stroking each on the head as they did so, and thus putting it to sleep.

They had to keep a sharp eye on the creatures, though, and, as soon as one threatened to wake or waved its terrible claws, they had to run and tickle it on the head—when it would go off to sleep at once!

Lizzie says it was funny to see these play-soldiers—"marines," she calls them—standing up stiff and straight, as though they were on their best behavior at parade drill!

Before you try this game be sure that you have the right kind of lobsters to deal with, for it would be awkward if they should turn on you and give you tit for tat by "stroking" and "tickling" you in their fashion with their claws.—*St. Nicholas.*

For Boys.

You were made to be kind and generous and magnanimous. If there is a boy in the school who has a club-foot, don't let him know you saw it. If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game which does not require running. If there is a dull one help him to get his lessons. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, these are two great wrongs, and no more talents than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him and request the teacher not to punish him. All the school will show by their countenances how much better it is to have a real soul than a great fist.—*Horace Mann.*

Words of Wisdom.

By bestowing blessings upon others, we obtain them ourselves.

Never answer questions in general company that have been put to others.

Patience is a virtue which some people think every one needs but themselves.

When we dread punishment we suffer it; and whosoever deserves punishment dreads it.

Man regrets in after life the follies of early youth; and drinks at leisure the cup of bitterness filled in haste when young.

Generosity during life is a very different thing from generosity in the hour of death. One proceeds from genuine liberality and benevolence, the other from pride or fear.

A blush is Nature's alarm at the approach of sin and her testimony to the dignity of virtue; it is a sign which Nature hangs out to show where chastity and honor would dwell.

Genius that succumbs to misfortune, that allows itself to be blotted with the slime of slander, and other serpents that infest society, is so much the less genius, or neglect is but the flat to an undying future.

If our weak, puny hands could reach up and rend the sun from his throne today, then were the same but a little thing to do. It's the Far-Off, the great Unattainable, that feeds the passion we have for a star.

The Way to Do It.

There is nothing like tact to help one over the rough places of life. In a steamboat cabin the man who persistently stands before the light is around. Party with newspaper, after trying long and unsuccessfully to read in the other's shade, finally gives his sorrow words; but he does it in such a cross-grained manner that he gets "sassed" back, besides being laughed at by all present. Which is not pleasant. Now, mark the man of tact. Sweetly smiling, he says, with an obsequious bending of the head: "My dear sir, I beg your pardon for mentioning it; but your silhouette as it falls athwart my paper, though eminently pleasing to contemplate, nevertheless interferes just a trifle with my perusal of the contents of the sheet." Say something like this, or refer politely to the absence of windows in his head, and not only will he not be offended, but he will love you with a love surpassing that of woman.—*Boston Transcript.*

The heart beats one hundred thousand times in twenty-four hours.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Three years ago an Englishman named Hebron was convicted of murder, and narrowly escaped the scaffold. The man Place, who was hung recently, confessed that he had committed the murder for which Hebron was undergoing punishment; and now the British government is taking steps to compensate Hebron for the wrong done to him by the law.

When the Union forces were captured at Plymouth, N. C., during the war, the colors of the Sixteenth Connecticut regiment were torn up and distributed among the officers and men to save them from the Confederates. Many who had these relics were taken to Southern prisons, but they kept their trusts carefully. It is now proposed to gather as many of these pieces as possible, arrange them in suitable form and place them among the other colors at the State House.

The death of Mme. Bonaparte and the story of her marriage that it naturally revives brings to mind the French marriage laws. It will be remembered that the nearest she could come to getting her son legitimized was the official declaration that he was "a legitimate son of France." This was rather more vague than satisfactory; and the occasion is a fit one to call to mind the perils of marrying a Frenchman. No Frenchman can marry without the consent of his parents, or, if they are dead, of his grandparents. If he is over twenty-five, and they refuse, he may send them, through a public notary, three respectfully-written requests two weeks apart, and then the mayor can authorize him to proceed. If, however, he is a person of political prominence, this publicity of family differences is tacitly forbidden by custom, and the scandal of such publicity must be avoided by the abandonment of the proposed marriage. That is, the greater man the son is, the greater is the hold of his parents upon him.

In a memorial to Congress relative to the coming census of the United States, the superintendent of the census of 1880, Mr. Kennedy, gives the following statistics as an illustration of the stupendous results from a single hive of bees, transported to the Pacific coast less than thirty years ago. From the single county of San Diego, California, in 1876 there was shipped the astonishing figure of 1,250,000 pounds. In 1877 there were in that county 23,000 colonies of bees, and in one day, September 6, 1878, there were shipped from that port 78 barrels, 1,053 cases and 18 tons; and that from and including July 17 to November 10, 1878, less than four months, that one county exported over 1,000 barrels, 14,544 cases and nearly 20 tons. He who would strike out (from the census report) the item of honey, could not have known, no great harm; but the interest in this value become, that many people in California have from 500 to 1,000 hives, and that over 100 people in one county have each more than 100 colonies of bees. According to the London *News* of January 18, there arrived in November at Liverpool 80 tons of honey, the product of the bees of one individual, and that a Mr. Hodge, in the first week of January last, landed 100 tons at a London wharf, the product of California. The annual product of honey has grown to 35,000,000 pounds annually.

Stories of Brute Intelligence.

A writer in *Nature* says: "In my family we had a tabby cat, who, when turned out, would shut herself in another door by climbing up some latch raised round it, then pressing up the click-latch, pushing the door, with herself hanging on it, away from the post, so as to prevent the latch falling back into its place, and then dropping down and walking back to the fire. I knew a Skye terrier who, being told to carry a fishing-rod, carefully experimented along its length, to find its center of gravity. In carrying it he came to a narrow path where he could not turn. There stopping the rod he took it by the end, and dragged it under him lengthwise till the open road was gained, when he took the rod by the center of gravity again and went on. This could not be a copy of human actions, but the result of original reasoning." Another writer gives the following on the authority of the late Mr. Dawes, the astronomer: Being busy in his garden and having a large bunch of keys, he laid them down on the grass for a minute to pick up a weed, and, as rapidly as he could, he looked for the keys, but they were gone. He searched for them in vain, and at last had to go in to breakfast. When he returned he found the keys laid down in the place he had first looked for them. He was sure they had not been there before, as he had searched the place. He laid down the keys in another place, and watched them. A terrier came out of the house, and, as soon as he had passed, a hen came and picked up the keys and carried them into the house. The terrier had followed the hen, and, when she had dropped the keys, he had taken them from her and carried them back to the place where they had first been found. The terrier had not seen the hen take the keys, but had evidently followed her to see that she did not take them away. The terrier had then watched the place where the hen had dropped the keys, and had then taken them away and put them down where they had